

Parrot



December, 1949

Twenty-five Cents



*My
cigarette?
Camels,
of course!*

WITH SMOKERS WHO KNOW...IT'S

Camels for Mildness

Yes, *Camels* are **SO MILD** that in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels — and *only* Camels — for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported



NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION DUE TO SMOKING CAMELS!

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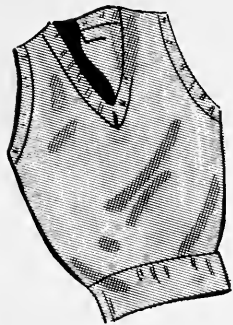
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The poems in the organizational Christmas ads were written
 by Mickey Kauffman.

The Christmas shoppers on the cover of the Christmas
 Buying Guide supplement are Psi U Jim Monilaw, Alpha
 Phi Joan Tuthill and Lunt Hutter Al Masschelin.

REID & KERSTING



Imported 100% wool
 cashmere sweater.
 Sleeveless and pull-
 over. Smooth V neck.

O. A. O.

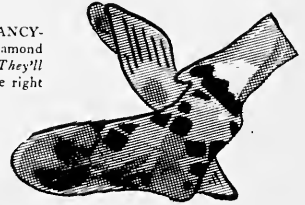
*The one-and-only
 For your one-and-only*

Cashmere comfort for him

Yes, this is the Christmas present for
 dad, brother, or that certain someone.
 He'll look *smart* . . . feel *comfortable*.
 And you can't go wrong on this fine
 imported cashmere wool. Made in a
 peck of different colors, there's *one
 just for him*.

Come in and see it today. You'll solve
 your problem of what to get him.

FOOT-loose and FANCY-
 free imported diamond
 cashmere Argyles. They'll
 make a hit with the right
 party.



A beautiful 'alligator belt
 is the right answer when
 you're not sure. *Every
 man can use one!*



1719 SHERMAN AVE.

Across from Varsity Theatre

Barnett's

Junior Vogue



*Imogene Powrie, Gamma Phi Beta,
modeling her choice
for all round holiday wear.
Tiny tucks cover the bodice . . .
the skirt intricately draped . . .
a simple and smart basic dress.
Black and navy crepe.*

Sizes 9-15

\$14.95

1629 Orrington Ave.



Parrot

Marc Houlihan and Nancy Blanchard, our cover pair, were chosen by an all student vote. Houlihan, Sp '51, popularized "So Little Time" in the 1949 Waa-Mu show. Miss Blanchard, LA '50, was named first attendant to the queen at the 1948 Navy Ball.



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HASH!

. . . a salute to the boys who make living gracious . . .



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AIMING HIGH

. . . these are the people who will be tomorrow's brocs . . .



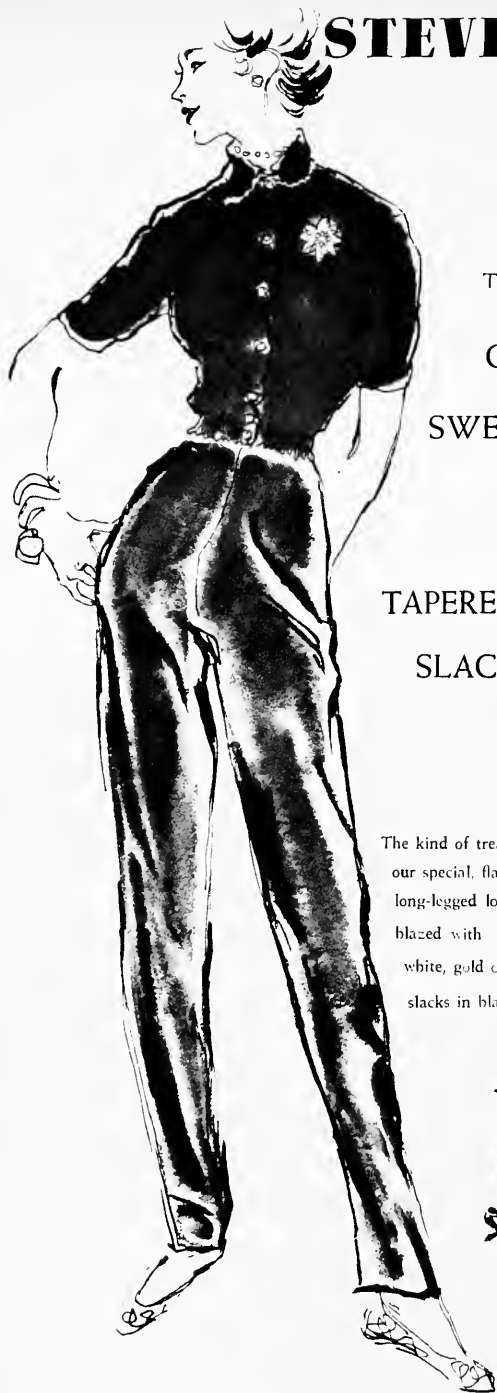
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MEET THE WILDCATS

. . . a photographic glance at your football team . . .

PURPLE PARROT, published 6 times a year in the months of October, December, February, March, April, May, by the Student Publishing Company, Inc., Harris Hall, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. Subscriptions \$1.25 a year. Vol. XXIX, No. 2, December, 1949. Entered as second class matter December 18, 1944, at the post office at Evanston, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

STEVENS



Things of beauty to enjoy forever—

CROPPED EVENING

SWEATER \$12⁹⁵

TAPERED VELVETEEN

SLACKS \$17⁹⁵

The kind of treasures that you wear forever becomingly—our special, flat-tummy slacks that taper to give you a sleek, long-legged look...our big-or-little-evening sweater, blazed with a golden emblem. Sweater in navy, red, white, gold or tomato wool, 34-40. Velveteen slacks in black, beige or RED! 10-20



These, and many other fireside separates from Farmington Shop, 3rd Floor, Chicago Also Hubbard Woods

CHAS. A. STEVENS & CO., CHICAGO, HUBBARD WOODS

Holiday Greetings

northwestern's
organizations
join hands around
the yule log
to wish you all
a merry christmas
and a happy 1950



Exams are over, school is done;
The holidays have just begun.
This is the dream of the ZTAs
Who are wishing a happy holiday.

Zeta Tau Alpha



The fire with its glowing light
Spreads good will into the night.
And, as the fire spreads forth its cheer,
ATO wishes a happy New Year.

Alpha Tau Omega

A fire, plus girls, plus lots of fun
Means the yuletide's just begun.
So with their fire that spreads good cheer
The Tri-Delts wish a happy New Year.

Delta Delta Delta



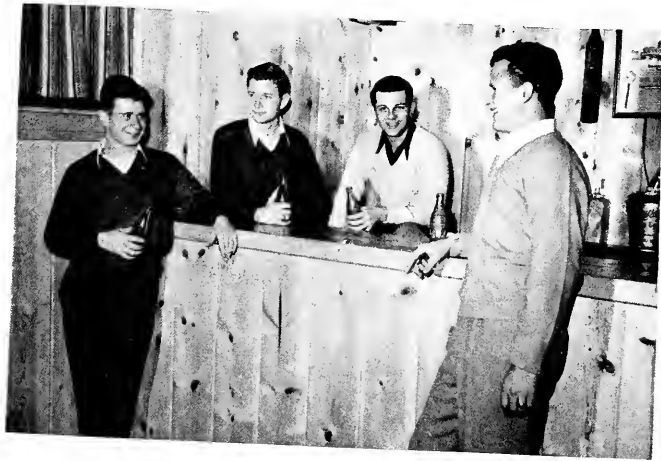
The Delta Sigs have gathered here
To wish you days filled full of cheer.
May fun and joy and laughter gay
Make this Christmas a happy day!

Delta Sigma Pi



Songs and music herald in
The holidays to begin
The **Phi Eps** too wish everyone
A season filled with joy and fun!

Phi Epsilon Pi



A toast just for this season gay
'Tis what the **Kappa Sigs** do say
They raise their glasses high today
To wish a happy holiday.

Kappa Sigma

This TV set send forth good cheer
Wishing all a bright new year.
The **Lambda Chis** are wishing too,
A Merry Christmas just for you.

Lambda Chi Alpha





The Phi Kaps have an ad today
 'Tis in this Daily, so they say.
 They advertise a season gay
 And a happy holiday.

Phi Kappa Sigma

These lovely girls from Alpha Chi
 Know the yuletide is drawing nigh.
 So they have gathered round to say
 To all a happy holiday.



Alpha Chi Omega



Here are the men from Theta Xi
 Who never let a trick go by,
 And as the holidays draw near
 They wish to all a bright New Year.

Theta Xi



The **Phi Delt**s wish a bright New Year,
 The **Sigma Chi**s bring Christmas cheer,
 The **Betas** send their greeting, too,
 A Merry Christmas meant for you.
 Add these wishes up, you'll find
 They boast a happy Christmas time.
 The Triad wishes all of you
 Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, too.

Beta Theta Pi
Sigma Chi
Phi Delta Theta





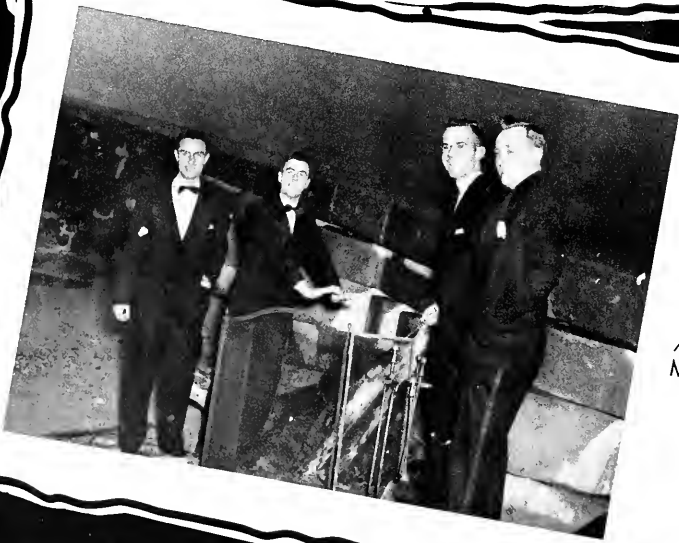
Esquire's a magazine quite risque
'Tis what the Zeta Psis do say.
But they are taking no chances here
Wishing all a bright New Year.

Zeta Psi

The lions roar and bells do chime
Announcing "Merry Christmas" time.
The SAEs join in to say
Have a happy holiday.



Sigma Alpha Epsilon



Because they have no house called home
The MOCs were forced to roam,
And, huddled here, they say to you,
Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, too!

Men Off Campus



Watch the time, it's fading fast,
This year will soon be in the past.
Put off the old and don the new,
Another year is striking through.
And as the year comes to its end,
Season's greetings, the Duo sends,
And wishing all a happy year
Filled with happy yuletide cheer.

Phi Gamma Beta
Phi Kappa Psi





Listen while these men do play
A tune just for the holidays.
Paul and his band, in a musical way
Wish you a yuletide, bright and gay!

Paul Severson's Sextet

In playing cards these girls are quick
To take away another's trick,
And faster still and nicer, too,
They bid "Merry Christmas" just for you!

Delta Zeta



Now chess is just a game for two
But this is meant for all of you
A happy Christmas and New Year too,
This greeting sent from Sigma Nu.

Sigma Nu



The Alpha Deltas and Psi Us too
Bring season's greetings just for you.
Then Dekes add their wish here,
To make a happy, bright New Year.
Now Alpha Delt and DKE
Plus Psi U, now, add up to three,
And three means triad so they say
A three-fold happy holiday.

Delta Kappa Epsilon

Psi Upsilon

Alpha Delta Phi





*There's
compliment-catching
eye-arresting
allure in*

BRUCEWOOD FORMALS

Here are clouds of loveliness . . . worlds of drama . . . and swirls of excitement in brilliant formals to highlight every one of your important moments. You'll revel in them

\$25 to \$39⁹⁵

**MAURICE L
ROTHSCHILD & CO**

Fountain Square, Evanston



GREETINGS FRIENDS

(with sincere apologies to Frank Sullivan, The New Yorker, and the goddess of poetry)

Greetings friends, as per above—
Greetings, peace and yuletide love
As, in this premiere Christmas poem
Yours truly salutes Bern Tome,
Johnny Palmer, Rocky Miller
Lyle Crawford and Jack Piller.
Noel, noel to Burton Keddie,
And all the couples who go steady.
Greetings to Chaplain J. C. McLeod,
Jo Verschleiser and Merle Dowd,
Kenneth Olson, Barbara Beard,
Douglass Billian and William Peard.
Play some tunes on the old spinet
For Bergen Evans and Dorothy Stinnet.

Make the seasonal welkin ring
For Bobbie Baum and Harold King,
Gregory Eaton, Betty Beyer
David Franklin, Alice Marie Meyer.
The top of the morn to Gerry Foy,
And Mary Simones and her boy-boy.
Lots of joy to Donald Steiner,
For an SGB pres, there is none finer.
Happy New Year to Richard Hale
And to those men who bring the mail.
Peace to all us harassed students
May we all become great worldly
intelligents.

Deck the fields with bows of holly
For Donald Burson and a Moore
named Polly.

Bring frankincense and caviar
For Robert Nelson and Jimmy Barr.
Bake chocolate cakes and a cherry
tart

For Mac McGuigan and Herbert
Hart.

To Melville Hodge, Connie Pember,
Ray Wietecha and each MOC
member,

Julie Brooks, Myrtle Bone,
Richard Mead, Gaspar Perricone,
Betty DeSwarte and Tim Kiley—
May they all lead the life of Riley.
Lots of gifts from old Kris Kringle
For Robert Taylor and Thomas
Pringle.

More of same to Jimmy Werner,
Frank Buxton and William Turner.
Hail to you The Brothers Day,
Jimmy Halbe and Robert Fay,
The purpose of this roundelay
Is to greet you on this Christmas day
And hang a cordial yule bouquet
On you and Catherine Spray,
And Midge Foster, Richard Ray,
And Dinty Hayford and Gerber,
Jay;

Janet Crouch and Janice May,
May you all see the letter "A."
Hey, now, fix a Tom and Jerry
For our Claire Church and Sterling
Berry.

And on the fireplace above,
Hang a stocking for James R. Love.
Not to mention William Bates,
Plus NU's married and their mates.
Sing hey for good old Joseph Miller,
And Malcolm Shaw and Kirby Hiller.
Sing Hi and a ha for Mary Tanner;
And if Fayerweather catches fire,
Be sure and fan 'er.

Send Christmas cards, with funny
lines,

To Leone Littlehales and David
Hines.

Send apple taffy and candy canes
To Robert Eck and Jack A. James,
Eddie Tunnickliff, Robert Janes,
Gordy Rothrock and Mary Hanes.
Here's greetings to Jennie Pfister,
And all the guys who claim they've
kissed 'er.

Hang some tinsel on the Christmas
tree,

For Payson Wild and Lois Lee.
No need to make the same old speech
For Bill Conover and Paul N. Lecch.
But to them too we send our salute,
As to Lee Firestone and Ray De-
Groote.

Plus lots of cheer to Daniel Blue,
Patti Adams, Frank Willard too.
Now lookee here and pay attention,
All you people we forgot to mention.
To you too we send this rhyme,
In this good old Christmas time.
And so to you, Jan Smith and Stevie
Sawle,
A Merry Christmas to one and all!



Lloyd Thaxton

Nels Culbertson



PHOTOS BY LARRY LARIMER

Purple Parrot cover contest winners shown as they waited outside Big Dipper for bus which took them to Stadium theater, almost to Little club. Happily lapping their ice cream cones are the cover models you elected, Waa-U

star Marc Houlihan, Navy Ball attendant Nancy Blanchard, sophomore vice-prexy Mel Sembler, publications gal Anne Arbogast, head cheerleader Leo Baker, SGB secretary Fran Watanabe and sophomore president Ken Dorst.

the gala night

here's what happened when the winners of the purple parrot cover contest got together to celebrate their victory . . . and a roundup of fall quarter social activities . . .

(Chick Culhane, our guest social columnist, tagged along on the cover contest winners' gala evening of celebration, furiously jotting down little incidents such as would occur only when seven screwballs get together.)

Pre-dinner cocktails consisting of ice-cream cones from the Dipper . . . Mel Sembler rejects vanilla, insists on Tutti Frutti . . . Waiter refuses, Parrot budget won't allow . . . Waiter's head later found in vanilla carton . . .

Leo the Beta Baker arrives fashionably late shouting, "How the hell did I know where the Dipper was?"

. . . Little Annie Arbogast complains she's cold because her chic dress has no sleeves . . . Marc Houlihan takes care of Annie's temperature . . .

Group wonders what has happened to Polly Ann Moore, eighth winner in contest . . . finally telephone call comes . . . Polly Ann, choking back the tears, says she's unable to make it because she has no suitable clothing . . . "I'd be so out of place with anyone really suave."

On to the elegance of Evanston's finest dining room. . . Toddle House is very crowded but the Parrot models

have reservations and only have to wait 30 minutes. . . Waiters serve flaming waffles on English spode from Woolworth's . . . Blanchard offers to send her waffle to starving refugees in Europe. . . Ken Dorst decides to eat white carnation he found on floor after council meeting. . . Fran Watanabe finishes waffle, looks pale, asks to be excused . . . Nancy Blanchard wraps up waffle and drops it in nearest mailbox for CARE package . . .

On to the theater . . . Fran Watanabe

continued on page 28



Parrot fashion editor Marion Richter selected dresses for Miss Blanchard and Miss Moore to wear. Miss Blanchard, however, became disgusted, sneered, "After all, I buy all my clothing at Saks. I could't wear this trash!"



Lucky seven dined in the Toddle House lounge, enjoyed flaming waffles and Brazilian coffee. During evening Miss Watanabe and Dorst fell in love, became engaged, fought, broke engagement and no longer speak to one another.

Anne Arbogast bought candy bar for Houlihan at the Stadium after he discovered he had spent all his allowance on twinkies and coffee at the grill.



december, 1949



Baker was groomed for the occasion at swank Classic tonsorial parlor while Sembler supervised. But Sembler's instructions confused barber who slipped and shaved cue ball on top of Baker's head. Baker hid behind coatrack while Sembler went to nearby pawn shop and purchased toupee for the humiliated victim.

Group finally emerged from the West room of the Little club, singing "Phi Del-ta, Phi Delta Theta." When a Phi Delt became angry, Miss Blanchard flipped him over her shoulder into garbage can. In the scuffle, Baker lost his toupee, returned home in hat graciously loaned him by socialite Culhane.



hash!

pierre tips his hat to that unsung hero, that veteran of many a mortal conflict, the hasher . . . whether in the dining halls of Northwestern's lush, plush women's dormitories, or in the kitchens of the apartments or the grill, the hasher is that unusual specimen who pushes his own red wagon through his college years . . .

1. **Rene Gentry**, president of Lunt huts, practices his skill at balancing trays and dishes before beginning his sojourn into the world of gracious living.



2. **Rene's** first job (at Willard hall) lasts only two days, when house madam discovers him tying his shoestrings on the table. His pal, **Bill McCampbell**, tries to warn him but is too embarrassed to speak. Tittering frosh **Sunny Koutonen**, **Jenny Pfister**, **Marty Fulton**, **M. L. Schwier**, **Janet Gillespie** and **Nancy Sorenson** think Rene is just too, too funny.



3. Second try is also unsuccessful. **Rene** lies on Rogers house table making mad love to **Noreen Dodd**. Trouble comes when **Bonnie Abraham** and **Marian Austin** (standing), **Bev Blerch** and **Helen Cottongim** become jealous and report him to house mother, who tosses him in garbage can, tells him not to return.



4. At the grill, Rene's speed in clearing the table before guests **David Mort**, **Sharpe Goodman**, **Lincoln Brabrook** and **Myron Gorsenstein** have had an opportunity to finish meal brings sharp reprimand from fellow waiter **Don Zale**. He is finally dismissed after he hits a cashier over the head with a mop bucket and spills hot coffee down back of **Miss Church's** new afternoon dress.



5. In his fourth attempt (at the NU apartments) he is caught stealing a pie by co-workers **Sylvia Morgan** and **Mike Baselon**. Confused, broken-hearted, he hurls pie at innocent bystander, stuffs **Miss Morgan** down a laundry chute and runs like hell. His fame now spreading over campus, he receives invitation from raucous **Thetas** to come work in their kitchen.



6. Ignoring Theta bid, **Rene** substitutes for **Bill Hobson** at Alpha Chi house. But when **Gentry** spills tray of imported China (or so the Alpha Chis claim), giving house mother heart attack, headwaiter **Judd Knapper** tells him he'd better keep on going. **Thetas** call him again.

7. He makes a brief stop at the Gamma Phi Beta house, but **Mrs. Simmons**, house-mother, sternly kicks him out after she discovers him on third floor playing practical joke on one of the girls. She makes him take noose off girl's neck, get pulmotors. Now, alone and friendless, he slowly walks toward the Theta house.



Aiming High



Aiming for the skies are four of NU's bright young hopefuls: socialite Inge Sahlman, who invited 100 people to a party before telling the hostess; Chuck Solomonson, DU, who hopes someday to have his own wire recorder; Peggy Dix, ChiO, debater who took voice training from Marjorie Main, and Danny Socha, cheerleader who plans to skip the country with the pep commission Ford at the end of the football season.

pierre, the purple parrot, salutes these little spokes who will be tomorrow's "big wheels" in fields ranging from scholarship to social life . . . these are the people behind the scenes, whose work has gone unnoticed by the campus as a whole . . . watch them! they're going places.



Thespian Suzie Phillips, Alpha Xi, strikes hammish "Out, damned spot" pose in hopes of being discovered, cast in role of Broadway production.



Activities girl Helen Frye, Alpha Gam, gets pained look from thoughts of duties on Parrot, Syllabus, Homecoming, Phi Beta, Shi-Ai and all School Dad's Day.

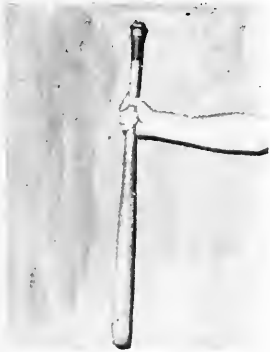
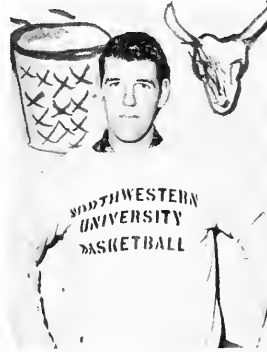


Photo-shy Moundman Arthur "Buster" Carlson, SAE, finally consented to allow photographer to take picture of his arm, bat, turned beet red when flashbulb clicked.



WAA whiz Jennie Ahzderian tests biceps before battling Kappa wrestling team single-handedly. The muscular Chapin-ite recently signed for pro grid career.



Cagey cager Jim Kruse, Theta Xi, transferred to NU's basketball squad after a year of dodging cattle on University of Wyoming's wide-open practice floor.



Glamourpuss Bev Kallman, Gamma Phi, shows sexy routine she pulled in kindergarten drama. Come-hither look kept Bev, boys in grade school 10 years.

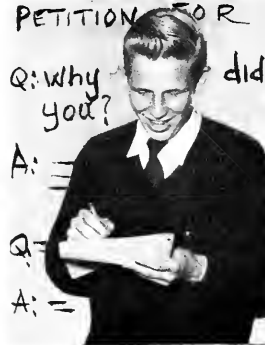


Six hands aid busy Pat Dodge, Alpha Chi, to carry out million and one responsibilities. Pat confesses she can't resist lure of petition blank.

Busy bee Lloyd Gerlach, Alpha Delt, faces inquisition by Board of Publications after being appointed to executive posts on three publications.

Future Phi Bete Taffy Russell, DG, views world through eyes wearied by hours of study required to maintain 3.9998 average amid other activities.

Tech flash Jim Gibbons, Fisk huts, proudly admires plaque given him for record number of hours spent working in library toward Tau Beta Pi goal.



Confirmed griller Dick Elliott, Phi Kap, is well on way to achieving ambition of setting new record for hours wasted in Scott hall grill.

Businesswoman Eddie Pederson, coolly contemplates campus, calculates profit from latest venture into realm of high finance.

Petitioner Lowell Hall, Beta, gleefully fills out 101st application blank after learning that President Rocky Miller needs boy to whitewash fence.

Dancer Lee Iwaniec, Alpha Phi, spends time in usual terpsichorian chores, for example, preparing for tryout for dancing role at Cal City lounge.



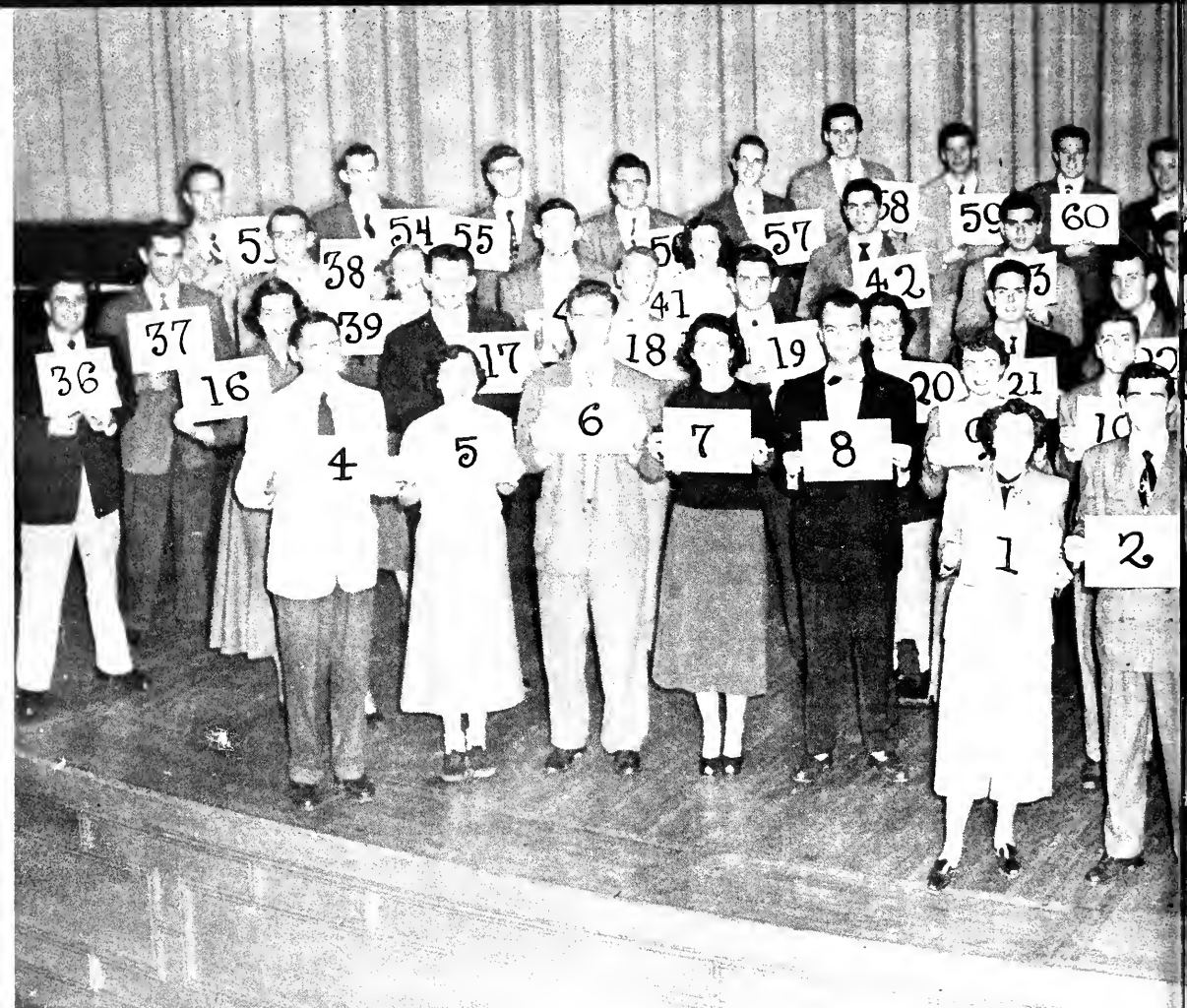
Daily wheel Ralph Otwell has great future. Looking forward to spring petitioning, he currently holds post as assistant coffee maker, cleans up after Jan's Smith's mess.

Syllabus copy girl Chris Christie, AOPi, sheepishly admits that present job of sorority editor is only stepping stone to sought-after post of fraternity editor.

Politician George Olson, MOC, confesses with smug satisfaction that he took SGB library committee chairmanship to get dates with beautiful stacks of workers.

Ward-heeler Zev Wolf, Phi Ep, once smugly told Daily "there are other things in world besides politics." Zev just never had time to get around to them.

It Takes All These People (and More)

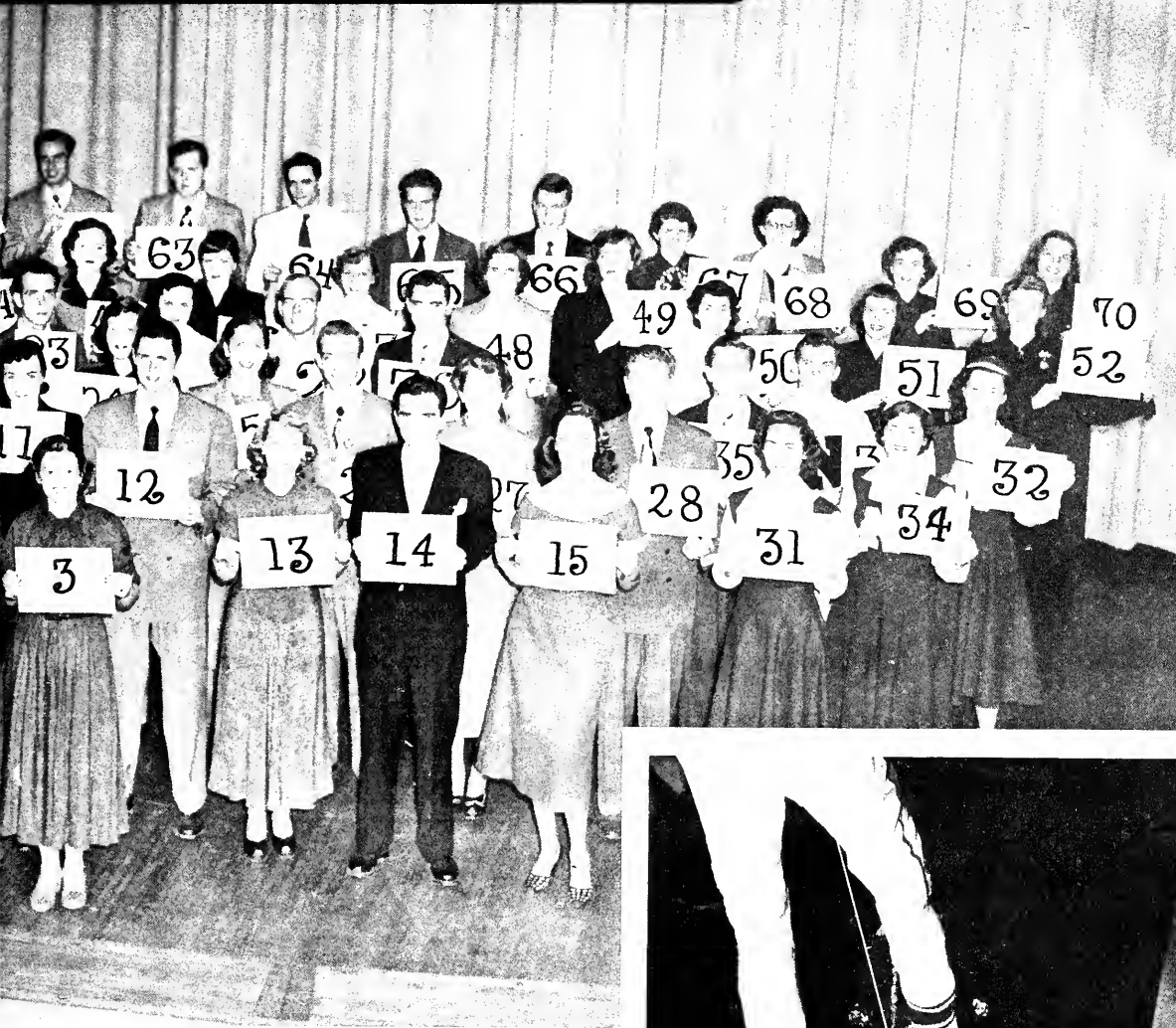


1. Mrs. Richard B. Hart, *alumni co-chairman*; 2. Al Perry, 3. Midge Foster, *student co-chairmen*; 4. Dick Damisch, 5. Dee Cafferata, *co-chairmen poster contest*; 6. Bill Luney, 7. Jean Chambers, *co-chairmen badge sales*; 8. John MacBurney, 9. Jean Hartman, *co-chairmen parade*; 10. John Nicholson, 11. Helen Frye, *co-chairmen house decorations*; 12. Dick Underwood, 13. Bettye Templeman, *co-chairmen publicity*; 14. Zev Wolf, 15. Bunny Jacobson, *co-chairman dance*; 16. Carol Warwick, *parade committee*; 17. Bill Larson, *dance committee*; 18. Dick Seashore, 19. Charles Reese, 20. Marilyn Musick, 21. Bob Gambill, *house decorations com-*

mittee; 22. Bill Hovan, 23. Don Kaehle, *publicity committee*; 24. Deenee Torelius, 25. Ommye Rice, 26. Bill Holms, 27. Bev Kallman, 28. Bob Blomquist, *dance committee*; 29. Dick Nelson; 30. Scotty Burnham; 31. Lee Iwaniec, 32. Dodie Fower, 33. Dan Socha, 34. Kalmaine Deakter, 35. Gene Bayliss, *cheerleaders*; 36. John S. Gardner, 37. Tom Appleby, 38. Roger Stefany, 39. Barbara Grubb, 40. Charles Shantz, 41. Jean Werth, 42. Bernard Weinberg, 43. Don Erkes, 44. Marc Vanden Broeck, 45. Rosetta Beamer, 46. Marilyn Ingham, 47. Jeanne Bauer, 48. Char Fleig, 49. Betty Swindell, 50. Lois Margolis, 51. Pat Pierce, 52. Jo Ann Lyon, 53.

PHOTO BY STUDENT PHOTOCRAFT

to Plan Homecoming



Frank Griffith, 54. Arthur Dewsberry, 55. Lee Hamilton, 56. Herb Collison, 57. Rollie Fadner, 58. Hal Gordon, 59. Whit Franzheim, 60. Dick Sorenson, 61. John Driscold, 62. Jim Homer, 63. Kelly Grant, 64. Bob Disque, 65. Syd Beaver, 66. Beau Meyer, 67. Elinor Shipton, 68. Norma Prey, 69. Chris Christy, 70. Julie Anderson, *house chairmen*. Not in picture: Ernest J. "Pug" Rentner, *alumni co-chairman*; Jack Riley, *activities vice-president of alumni association*; Bill King, *secretary of the alumni association*; Joe Miller, *director of student affairs*.

... and behind the scenes a lonely pledge maneuvers part of the delta epsilon decorations ... hundreds of students, who will get no formal recognition for their hard work, completed similar gruelling, time-consuming tasks ...





Steve Sawle

Joe Zuravleff

Ed Tunnicliff

Roy Pantera

Rich Anderson

Chuck Petter

Al Thomas

Tom Worthington

Bill Forman

Rudy Cernoch

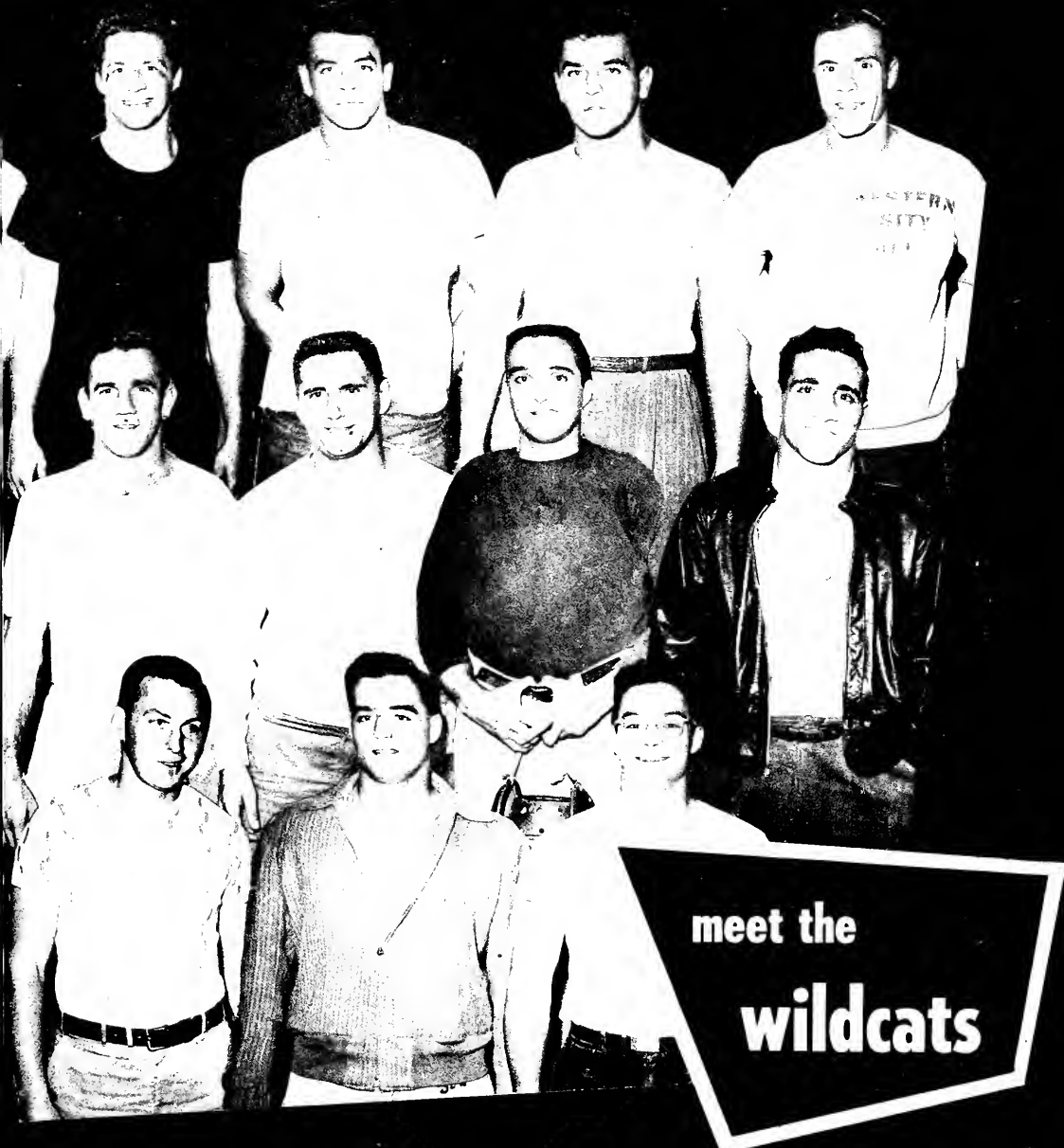
Eddie Nemeth

Rich Athan

Gaspar Perricone

Brud Sundheim

Johnny Miller



meet the
wildcats

Don Stonesifer	Bert Keddie	Ray Wietecha	Don Burson
Art Murakowski	Bob Nowicki	Pee Wee Day	Jim Parsegian
Dick Flowers	Ben Daniel	Dick Alban	

... these are the boys who carried the ball during the 1949 football season . . . a season marked by irregular play and flashes of genius interspersed with defeats at the hands of superior and inferior teams and ohio state officials . . . and a walloping never-to-be-forgotten victory over the wolverines of michigan . . . thanks, team. . .



Through the Holidays with an Evanston
Commuter . . .

holiday calendar

The Cast

The Guy	Hugh Trotter	The DZ	Flea
His Girl	Bunny Jacobsen	The ZTA	Debra
The Theta	Robin McMurray	First Friend	Phyllis
The WOC	Nancy Lamberg	Second Friend	Phyllis
	Third Friend	Dick Lewis	



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Harff
Richardson
Pieters
Miller



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30



31

15—Trotter takes, flunks last final. 16—Bids Bunny "God Speed" as she heads home for holidays. 17—Goes out with Theta he met selling sandwiches at station. 18—Sleeps late. 19—Meets Scott, shops for Bunny's present. Buys toy train for self. 20—Date with WOC he met unloading packages at store. 21—Meets Bob, shops for Bunny's present. Buys television set for self. 22—Date with DZ he met at gymnasium. 23—Meets Dick, shops for Bunny's Christmas present. Buys set of pipes for self. 24—Christmas Eve, opens gifts he bought for self, drives Cadillac Bunny sent him. 25—Church with friends, ponders sending Bunny belated Christ-

mas card. 26—Sleeps late. 27—Out with ZTA he met working at service station. 28—Receives telegram from Bunny, "Good News Dear. Will Return Friday So We Can Spend New Year's Eve Together." 29—Breaks dates with Theta, WOC, DZ, ZTA. 30—Bunny arrives, seems suspicious. 31—New Year's Eve at Aragon. Bunny tells him about Christmas presents she received from other friends. 1—Sleeps late, feels safe. "She doesn't suspect a thing." 2—Bunny meets informer Harff. Trotter is through. 3—Bunny flips pin down his shirt front, gives him brush off. 4—Rejected, dejected, Trotter faces bright new year.

the gala night

continued from page 16

nabe says she always had wanted to see "Kiss Me Kate" . . . Is even more delighted when told group is not going to see "Kate" but to Stadium, fashionable art theater, to see "My Friend Irma" and "Singing Six Shooters" . . . *Marc Houlihan* sits in back row of theater and cheers, "Marie Wilson, you're for me" . . . Usher ejects him. . . .

Nancy Blanchard and *Leo Baker* disappear . . . Suddenly *Nancy* runs down stairs from balcony screaming, "I am not cold. Besides, I'm pinned to an SAE and he wouldn't like it . . ." . . . *Anne Arbogast* says she's cold without her coat and *Marc Houlihan* offers to buy her a candy bar . . . No money. . . . *Anne* buys *Marc* a candy bar. . . .

Party leaves theater in chartered bus . . . chartered "Howard Street, North Evanston" . . . Group returns to find *Houlihan* who had sneaked back in theater to see rest of "Irma" . . . Claims *Marie Wilson* appeals to him intellectually . . . Party again boards bus, ride to end of route. . . . Walk remaining five blocks to the soft lights, exotic music, dank atmosphere of the Little club. . . .

Ken Dorst makes scene, asks manager where the 100 dancing girls are . . . *Nancy* forgets she's pinned, goes into routine she learned before she gained social prestige. . . . *Fran Watanabe* looks embarrassed and excuses herself . . . *Leo Baker* lives dangerously and chug-a-lugs his drink. . . . Waiter makes him clean up milk he spilled on table. . . . *Mel Sembler* invites group to spend Christmas vacation at his home . . . *Nancy Blanchard* forgets she's pinned and accepts . . . *Fran Watanabe* says she'll ask her mother and let him know . . . *Anne Arbogast* says she hopes it will be warmer in St. Louis. . . .

Finally the glamorous evening ends . . . Group is piqued when Parrot representative refuses to pay bill. Girls are forced to wash glasses, boys to take bottle labels off the ceiling before they are allowed to leave . . . Finally all pile in photographer's car. . . . Photographer *Larimer* ends up on *Dorst's* lap. . . . *Ken* notices lovely girls and looks at photographer, says SGB should investigate the seating plan. . . . *Fran Watanabe* offers to remedy situation. . . . Ride home is then comparatively quiet. . . . Total bill for gala evening is \$8.73. Parrot business manager declares bankruptcy.



CHICK CULHANE
Guest Social Columnist

The Parrot wasn't the only organization throwing a gala evening during the fall quarter. . . . Many other groups threw highly glamorous parties, many preceded by the N.U. rage, pre-party stunts. . . .

For example, to announce the senior hop, *Phi Bonnie Kistner*, *AOPI Ann Goodale*, *Alpha Gams Mary Woodling* and *Bobbie Baum* bounced around campus for a few days with long white ears and fluffy white tails attached to their purple bunny suits to hail the "hop" . . . Notices about everything from hayrides to costume parties to formals announce the social functions for the 160 members of Men Off Campus. . . .

Don Inbody and *Gerry Rolph* of the Fisk Hut area planned an unusual party with *Jan Gabbani* and *Rosalie Vernon* of the Women Off Campus . . . a most successful mass blind date for the members of both groups . . . pre-party plans included matching lists of names with heights, ages and schools. . . .

Triangle's *Dick Bobco* dressed in a huge raincoat, dark glasses and hood and played batman. With arms outstretched he rode up and down the campus advertising the Shi-Ai Bat. . . . Kappa Sig plantation party invitations were distributed by black-faced, white-gloved, spiritual-singing

Dick Woodcoch, *Brooks Morton* and *Lee McCullough*.

Howard Snyder, *Dean Cunat* and *Al Wilson* spent their days dispensing personal invitations to guests of the Interhouse council dance . . . *Frank Cresek* and *Ed Devlin* planned the prohibition and revenue parties staged by the Sigma Chis. . . .

To plug Theta Xi's South American party, matador *Dave Zeigler* successfully downed a bull (containing *Dick Goodman* and *Dave Brown*) while *Bill Goodale* strummed Latin tunes on his guitar and delivered sambaing Donald Duck favors to the guests. . . .

John Witous and *Bob Gambill* had all Beta dates (casually referred to as "those gloriously favored ones") on their knees before the grand high harem man when they dispensed invitations to the annual Beta Bagdad Brawl. . . . The Deltas also threw a harem party, and *Ken Chalmers* and *Dick Donaldson*, taking the theme literally, each brought two dates. . . .

For the Zeta Psi Hades party, *Jack Schufreider* as the red robed long-tailed devil tore through the south quadrangles with invitations to their dates . . . all angels. . . . At the Tau Delt "Past, Present and Future" party, *Mary Young* and *Ed Yaestrow* gave the guests a rundown of music of the past, present and future. . . .

Pallbearers, a coffin, a minister and mourners invaded the campus preceding the SAE's annual mourning of the passing of Paddy Murphy.

Pi Kappa Alpha's Purple Passion party preview included *Dick Ziebell* and *Tom Krohm* in sedan chairs and pledges dressed (!) as harem girls who delivered invitations. *Betty Armours* was elected party queen. . . .

John Weldon arranged and costumed the big purple "Holy Cow" and ghosts who carried pumpkins with invitations for the dates of ATOs invited to a party called "Holy Cow", probably because of the "Holy Cow" . . . *Art Matthews* and *Cy Young* were the ringmasters when they brought live animals, a merry-go-round and circus music under a "big top" down Sheridan Road as a preview of the annual Delta Upsilon circus party. . . .

Phi Kappa Sigma's traditional parties include their skull and splash parties with, entertainment by *Russ Bilgart's quartet* . . . *John* and *Don Malen* and *Marc Houlihan* (if he ever returns from "Irma") are the other three members. . . . Rumor has it they have a new twist for their weekend formal this year . . . chartering a plane for the boys and their dates for a dance in Florida. . . .

Parrot



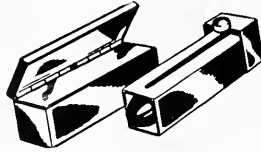
Supplement

Christmas Buying Guide

For her . . .



THE NEW 'LIP-LOOK'



It's the LIP-LOOK by Volupté. A new, completely novel lipstick case with a lip mirror that flips up automatically when you remove the lipstick. A slick button moves the lipstick in and out.

Plain, jeweled, or carved gold-plated cases. Priced for if you love her a little, a little more, more than that . . . or a lot.

\$3.25 — \$5.00 — \$7.50 — \$10.00

RUTH KAGEN



IT'S IN THE BAG!

These Chimayo purses and suede jingle bags are the *latest* thing. They're popular all over the United States because they're so attractive and durable. And Chimayo's so easy to clean. Talon zipper. Rayon lined. Almost *any* color combination.

\$2.50 up

SOUTHWEST FASHIONS



NORTHWESTERN PETS are just

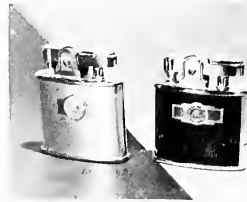
as appealing as can be! Created of all-wool felt in Northwestern white and purple, they'll be prized gifts for her dormitory or bedroom. Colt, \$3.50. Elephant or Kangaroo, \$2.50.

**NORTHWESTERN
STUDENT CO-OP**

COOKING THERMOMETER SET

Three necessary, handsome cooking thermometers in a beautiful gift case. Roast meat, candy and jelly, and deep frying instruments of precision accuracy. Expert or beginner, she will love this grand cooking aid!

CHANDLER'S



NORTHWESTERN LIGHTERS by

Ronson proudly bear school seals of metal. The ease of operation, large fuel supply, and handsome design are favored by all men. Turquoise-enamel finish, \$7.25. Chrome finish, \$8.75.

**NORTHWESTERN
STUDENT CO-OP**



TAKE HER IN HAND

An easy way to a woman's heart is thru her wrist— if you give her this chain link bracelet by Monet. The big chain has a baby chain which acts as a guard, so she's not apt to lose the bracelet.

\$4

**MAURICE L
ROTHSCHILD**

For



**OLD SPICE
'N EVERYTHING
NICE
FOR YOUR MAN**

\$1

Umm-m-m! Does he smell good! So smooth! If you want him to be nice to be close to, get him some Old Spice After Shave Lotion. And he knows about O.S.: it's instantly soothing, cooling, invigorating. In man-tailored bottles.

RUTH KAGEN





A Cashmere by Premier! Made of 100% pure imported Mongolian yarn. Short, hand-sewn, full-fashioned sleeves. She'll like it because it's smooth and soft—doesn't itch. That's what Cashmere means . . . soft, durable, smart looking. In blue, pink, yellow and cinnamon. Sizes 36-40.

\$12.95

Cardigan \$15.95

**MAURICE L
ROTHSCHILD**

*Don't guess . . . give her
something she really wants*



NORTHWESTERN COMPACT has

campus scenes in gold finish against a polished metal case. Loose-powder style with a metal inner lid. A gift to please any lady on your Christmas list! Free of federal excise tax, \$4.

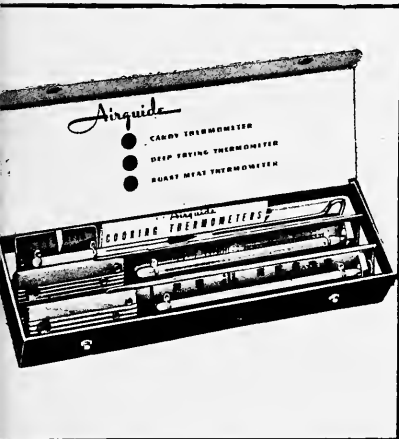
**NORTHWESTERN
STUDENT CO-OP**



NORTHWESTERN GLASSES with

the school seal in permanent purple and white. She'll entertain superbly with these crystal-clear, sparkling beauties! Set of 8 pill-seners, \$8.75. 8 old-fashioned, \$4. 8 highball, \$8.

**NORTHWESTERN
STUDENT CO-OP**



DO YOU MAKE A PAIR?



If you and she are like that . . . give her a treat, yet don't abolish your bank account. Get her this turquoise and silver ring and bracelet pair.

If you want her to pick out her own, buy her a jewelry gift certificate. That's the easy way out.

SOUTHWEST FASHIONS

him . . .

**CHRISTMAS
WRAPPING**



\$27.50

If he's that special man in your life! Give him a 'Triple-Threat', 3-way convertible jacket by Mc-Gregor. It's really 3 jackets in one — a warm all-purpose sports jacket, a light weight golf jacket, and the lining itself a swell cardigan. He can change from one to the other in 'zip-time'.

SELIG'S



NORTHWESTERN CLASS RING

of heavy, 10-K Gold set with a deep purple Amethyst. Class year and the school seal are wrought against oak leaves. Including Fed. tax, \$38.50. Greek letters on the stone, \$3 each.

**NORTHWESTERN
STUDENT CO-OP**



Special gifts for that special guy

COLORFUL RIPON LOAFER SOX



Uppers of soft wool, soles of glove-leather! Cushions every step and keeps feet warm as toast. Adult sox in 6 colors and sizes 8 to 13. The brand new Mickey Mouse loafers for youngsters are in 4 colors, sizes 5 to 8!

CHANDLER'S



ON THE CUFF!



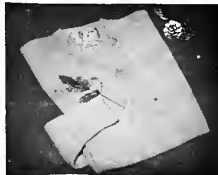
A new Swank idea! Matching alligator cuff links and tie bar. They're leather, highlighted by gold casing so that they won't fray. Your answer for what to get him is right here in this good looking red box. If alligators frighten you, a tame, smart-looking pigskin set will solve the problem. Links—\$2.50 to \$3.50. Tie bar—\$1.50 to \$3.50.

Set above \$6

**MAURICE L
ROTHSCHILD**



CASUAL, COMFORTABLE,



CASHMERE

What better way to make him happy. Give him Cashmere, by *Revere!* Made of pure imported Mongolian Cashmere wool. If there is a word like 'chic' to describe men's clothing, tack it on to this sweater . . . it's really got it. Pick out his sweater in navy, wine, beige, grey, Texas green, or military blue. Sleeveless style \$12.95.

With sleeves \$18.50
**MAURICE L
ROTHSCHILD**

NORTHWESTERN JACKET has



slash pockets, raglan sleeves, full zipper front, and adjustable elastic sides. Lightweight poplin is treated with Du Pont zelan and vat-dyed. N.U. monogram in purple. 34 to 44. \$5.95.

**NORTHWESTERN
STUDENT CO-OP**

For mom and dad . . .

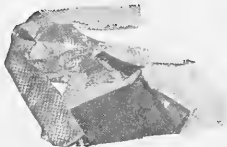
TABLE TOP MAGIC



Mom will be surprised and thrilled at how these Chimayo table mats perk up her rooms. She deserves a gift like this that shows her what a terrific gal you think she is. I'll bet she'd like one on the end table by the sofa, or on the back of dad's chair.

SOUTHWEST FASHIONS

MOM'S QUILTED ROBE



Why not let Mom relax once in a while . . . give her a rest. She deserves it. She deserves a comfortable, dressy robe to relax in. This beautiful Rothley is of quilted rayon-satin, with a contrasting full lining. Colors fit for a queen! Royal, black, wine, gold. Sizes 12-18.

\$14.95

**MAURICE L
ROTHSCHILD**



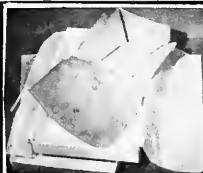
**LET DAD
RELAX**

If dad is the fireside type, and likes his pipe and slippers—what better way to have him meet company in style than to don one of these fine Stafford robes. The patterns are clever—with a selection wide enough to satisfy the most discriminating taste. In any case, he'll be glad you 'robed' him in.

\$10.95 - 15.95

SELIG'S

A GABARDINE SPORT SHIRT



\$8.50

Remember Pop with a fine gabardine hand-stitched sport shirt by Alfred. What colors ain't we got! Ivory, beige, canary, pearl grey, mocha, mahogany, Arizona sand, lime, maroon, Newport green, spice, Georgia peach, plum, mauve, grape, Daytona Beach, mint julep, skipper, terra cotta, jungle green, copper tint, pink snow, haruaro red, coral rust, navy, westward sky, Andes grey.

Monogrammed, 50c extra.

**MAURICE L
ROTHSCHILD**

WHERE TO DO YOUR CHRISTMAS BUYING

Chandler's	630 Davis	GR 5-7200
Ruth Kagen	1649 Orrington	UN 4-3300
Kiddy Korner	1563 Sherman	GR 5-0105
Lenna Jewelers	1619 Sherman	GR 5-4440
Northshore Talking Machine	612 Church	UN 4-3474
Northwestern Co-op	1726 Orrington	GR 5-2600
Poe's Camera	622 Grove	UN 4-4550
Maurice L Rothschild	1600 Orrington	GR 5-7500
Selig's	920 Church	GR 5-6505
Southwest Fashions	1419 Sherman	
Tatman's	707 Church	DA 8-3535



For one and all . . .



8 in set

DISH ISH TERRIFIG I

Northwestern's been living off you long enough. Now you can eat off of them. U.H., Scott, Deering, Music school . . . they're all on special N.U. plates at Tatman's. What a gift for young marrieds . . . or for anyone as a matter of fact. It's different, yet it's very practical. See them in T's window today. Come in and buy one, or a set. Singly, \$1.50—Dozen, \$18.

TATMAN'S



It's fun to



NORTHWESTERN BLANKETS of

downy-soft, 100% virgin wool. They measure a full 67 by 72 inches and are purple with the school seal or letter "N" in white felt. With "N". \$15.95. Blanket with seal, \$19.50.

**NORTHWESTERN
STUDENT CO-OP**

ALWAYS, A RONSON

A brighter gift for a brighter Christmas . . . a gift you'll be remembered for. A dependable Ronson pocket or table lighter. It's the lighter that's so easy to use. Press—it's lit . . . release—it's out. What makes a more perfect gift than one which combines sentiment with practicality . . . as this Ronson does?



\$6.00 up **LENNA JEWELERS**



NORTHWESTERN MUGS in two

sizes emblazoned with a wide choice of school motifs. Hand-decorated in 18-K Gold, they're crafted of truly fine China. Grand gift for all! The large mug is \$3.95. Miniature is \$1.

**NORTHWESTERN
STUDENT CO-OP**



NORTHWESTERN PADDLES for

display only! They can be decorated with seals, crests and other school insignia to make personal gifts. In your choice of Walnut, Natural, and Cherry. Large size, \$1.75. Small, \$1.

**NORTHWESTERN
STUDENT CO-OP**



FLASH
THE LATEST NEWS



The perfect gift for all! The 'MINUTE 16'. It's the new vest-pocket camera **SYNCHRONIZED FOR FLASH!** Takes cartridge film . . . black and white, or color; has double exposure prevention; simple lever which automatically winds film; three lens openings.
 Takes 14 clear, sharp pictures on 35c roll.

Only \$7.95 Flash unit \$3.95

POE'S
CAMERA COMPANY



THE SILVER LOOK

\$2.00

For the latest word in neckwear, it's the **SILVER** look. Of muted metallic, it blends with *any color suiting*.

For the tie with the holiday spirit, ask to see the party tie—the celebrant mood established with its patterns of champagne bottles, top hats, et al.

Don't fail to see them this week. You'll agree . . . they're **TIE-rific**.

SELIG'S

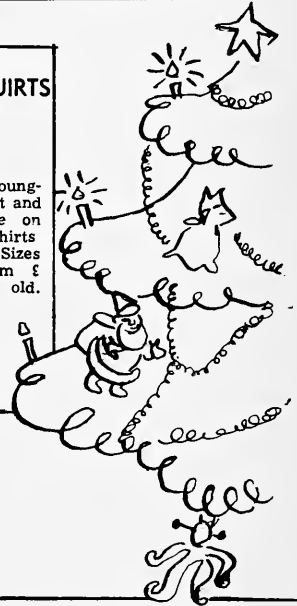


SHIRTS FOR SQUIRTS
 are a



real thrill for the youngsters. The big wildcat and lettering are purple on soft, combed cotton shirts. Fully washable, too! Sizes for youngsters from 8 months to 10 years old. \$1.25.

NORTHWESTERN STUDENT CO-OP



Santa Claus



A FUZZY LION FOR LITTLE SISTER

Probably the *biggest, fuzziest* animal sis ever saw. 22 inches high! It's got a bushy tail soft as feathers, and the biggest roly-poly glass eyes ever. It's cute as a button. And this Lion has a whole bunch of shirt-tail cousins, too—pandas, dogs, kangaroos, and all kinds of wonderful animals that'll make a hit with sis.

\$10.95

KIDDY KORNER



Make this the best Christmas on RECORD



FOR HIM: If he's "sweet" on you . . . he's sure to go for the honey-dripping voice of *Dinah Shore*. A good way to tell him dating you is to get him "A Date With Dinah" **\$3.95**

FOR HER: What's better than "The Midnight Kiss" . . . if your girls likes to get sentimental. If she saw the picture "Midnight Kiss", she hasn't forgotten *Mario Lanza*, that terrific lad who looks and *sings* like he were the son of *Lauritz Melchior*. She'll want this album. **\$4.75**

FOR MOM AND DAD: Why not some fine music they'll really appreciate? A safe bet—one they're sure to enjoy—"Beethoven Concerto No. 2" It's a sure way for you . . . with *William Kapell's* assistance . . . to please mom and dad. **\$6.00**

The gift that keeps on giving!
Everything in music

NORTHSHORE TALKING MACHINE CO.



MADE TO ORDER?

That's Expensive!

**THE SMARTEST
MEN ARE
renting!**

Look at it this way: if you can get one of the best-looking formal outfits you've ever seen... altered to fit you exactly... delivered freshly cleaned and pressed—if you know it's correctly styled... backed by Gingiss Brothers, the most famous name in fine formalwear rental—why not save money while you look your best?

**CHECK THESE OUTSTANDING
FEATURES OF GINGISS BROS.
FORMALWEAR RENTAL SERVICE:**

- **INDIVIDUAL ALTERATIONS**—skillful tailoring adjustments to your measurements for a custom-made appearance!
- **UP-TO-DATE FASHIONS**—top quality fabrics in any style of formal dress... full dress, cutaways, strollers, tuxedos, and summer formals... handsomely cut and tailored!
- **ACCESSORY SERVICE**—Gingiss Bros. can provide you with any formal accessory—jewelry, shoes, hat, scarf, even an evening topcoat or cape—if needed.
- **THAT FRESHLY-PRESSED LOOK**—every Gingiss outfit is freshly cleaned and pressed, delivered on time, in perfect condition.



Send for the Gingiss "Guide to Fashion for Formal Occasions, with Special Notes on Wedding Customs." It's free.

GINGISS BROTHERS

Now close to campus

1718 Sherman

Still in Chicago at

177 N. State

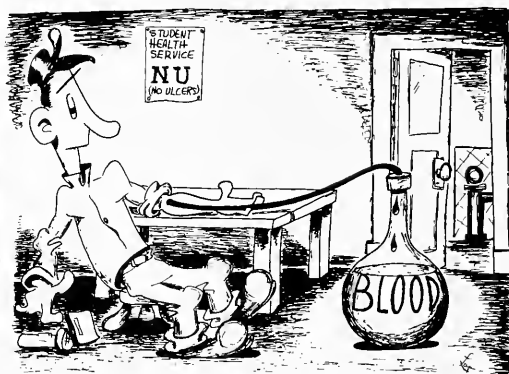
DAvis 8-6100

ANdover 3-7075

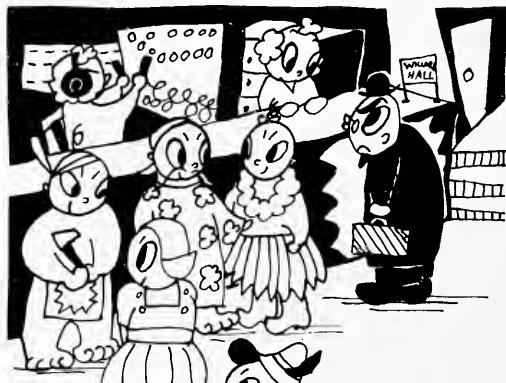
cartoons



"You mean you really don't believe in me?"



"... just came in to read the water meter..."



Willard on Saturday Night: "Lithuania protests not being invited to this session of the general assembly."

purple parrot

BY MARGE BRUCE

A Letter to Santa

To: Santa Claus, North Pole

From: Pierre the Purple Parrot, Harris cellar (pass the Daily office scornfully, turn right, turn right again, pass Daily business office scornfully, turn left, and it's the first door to the right, not to be confused with the Profile office which is straight ahead and to be avoided)

Re: Christmas problem at Northwestern university.

My dear Professor Claus:

I presume you are a professor. Otherwise, you would not be the man you are today, whatever that is, and I would not be writing to you.

I am sorry to bother you when I know you are already harried (That is a nice word. I think I will repeat it. Harried) to death with letters from high school freshmen, small children, hefalumps, finorkins and Northwestern grad students. However, the situation demands it. There are certain things Northwestern cannot do without for another quarter. Therefore, here are my suggestions.

P. S. The starred ones are particularly important.

1) A new spotlight for the corner of Sheridan road and University place that stays lit 15 seconds instead of 4½. This will remedy a situation that threatens to wipe out students altogether. And with no students, the 4½-second light would be wasted anyway.

2) New windows—in fact, just windows period—for the Daily Northwestern office. Things are looking dark, to use an old cliché, and Editor Herb (One Brow) Hart is even thinking of shaving off his one-brow to let in the few rays of light.

3) Smoking rooms upstairs in Deering and study rooms downstairs, instead of vice versa. Then studying students wouldn't have to go down to smoke or smoking students wouldn't have to go up to study.

*4) A good five cent cup of coffee in the grill. Migosh, professor, grillology majors are going broke. This can't go on.

5) Another rock, located near Fayerweather, Fisk, Speech or just any old place except that damned Harris hall. The old rock is getting all frayed and chipped and ragged and just isn't good for another season.

6) A private office for Miss Church. Miss Church probably doesn't want a private office, but that is none of her business. I, Pierre, think she needs one.

*7) A good five cent cup of coffee in the grill, professor. Migosh, this can't go on.

8) Goldfish for the Dolphin show. A dolphin would be much much better but inasmuch as they can't seem to get any dolphins, how about some nice old goldfish?

9) Dorms for people in each school. Music students could sleep all the time without inciting their roommates to room-matricide, speech students could have the time of their lives, journalism students could type all night and LA students could sit there and stare and nobody would think anything of it.

10) Special rooms in Scott for big wheels, medium-sized wheels, small wheels, very tiny wheels and spokes. Then nobody would have to try to impress anyone else and everyone would be happy.

*11) A good five cent cup of coffee in the grill. Migosh, professor.

100% Wool Sweater
with

Beautiful Jeweled Insignia

BOTH,

only

\$12.95

It's Brand New!

At the NEW shop



for N.U. girls. It's cute as a bug. Casual . . . high round neck, gold circle buttons, diamond shaped beaded insignia on handkerchief pocket . . . cardigan. Red, white, and navy. Sizes 34 to 40.

Dor Mel

2116½ Central Street

QUESTIONS

- A A sign of omission is found with ease, Phonetically speaking, it's found between these.
- B It's twice shown here, and if you stop to think About the difference, you'll find the missing link.
- C 1, 2, 3, 6, 7 about this time of year Is spread and wished by people far and near.

ANSWERS WILL APPEAR IN THE
NEXT ISSUE OF YOUR MAGAZINE

Chesterfield

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers from different students win a carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date. New contest next issue.
6. Answers and names of winners will appear in the next issue.
7. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
8. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

A The thirteen slabs of wood which form the letters ABC at the bottom of the ad. Always Buy Chesterfield, the best cigarette for you.

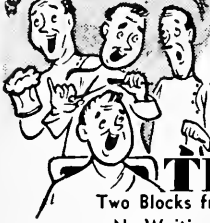
B Three buttons on the left sleeve of Alexis Smith's cowgirl suit, and one button on the right. Also three cigarettes protruding from the pack on the left, and one in the mouth of L. E. Turnage on the right. Both answers are white and right.

C FIELD, that is, Chesterfield. It's in the name, and in the frame where we see a picture of a field behind Mr. Turnage. And in the frame we grow the name, that is, in the field we grow Chesterfield.

WINNERS . . .

JO WILLMARTH ENID BENE NANCY FROBASE R. DUGAN P. FATIO
JOANNE BOHNLEI LAEL READ ELLIOT BREWER JOHN ROSSFIELD JAMES FELTER

SWEET AVE LINE



The TRIM

Two Blocks from Campus
No Waiting - 5 Chairs
Downstairs—North Shore Hotel

RENTING

TUXEDOS
"TAILS"
FORMAL
ACCESSORIES
AND SHOES



Special student discount!

Kings

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cartoons

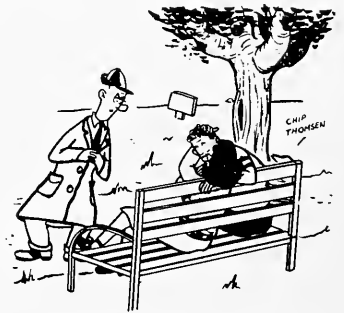


"Are you sure there's no one else, Emmie Lou?"



Chip Thomsen

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CHIP THOMSEN

— Scop

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purple parrot

Books for Christmas

BY JOHN DAMON

Books make fine Christmas presents. Even your best friends own a few. Reviewer John Damon has discovered several gems in his book nook browsings that will make or break friendships. A quick look at the following and you'll find just the thing for . . . well, look and see.

THE PROFESSORS HANDBOOK

A great little number which is a necessity for all college professors. A goldmine of information, it contains instructions on how to give snap quizzes, how to snarl, how to talk with marbles in your mouth, the art of confusion, how to say the wrong thing at the right time. There is a whole chapter on how to write different styles of the letter F. The book is 2,000 pages long and sells for only \$10.00.

TECHNIQUES OF PEST CONTROL

How to get rid of blind dates, politicians, pledge trainers, roommates in Speech school, and nose advisors. Ten of the newest techniques developed by outstanding scientists, plus the old stand-bys such as arsenic, old lace, the fly swatter, Flit, and use of the rolled newspaper.

HOW TO STAY UP ALL NIGHT

Written by a former bar fly turned doctor this is a thorough medical study on how to train oneself to stay up all night. If the reader has never seen the sun come up, he need only follow the instructions and it will dawn on him. The writing is excellent for those who don't mind missing some of the best sleep of their lives.

ART OF PAPYRUS MAKING, THE

Here is the chance of a lifetime . . . to make a million . . . sheets of paper. Also how to print blue books, how to work deals with the Daily.

NATURAL HISTORY OF NONSENSE, THE

Written by a local pooh, it pooh-poohs things no one ever thought of pooh-poohing, including Winnie the Pooh, which is considerable pooh-poohing. Destined to become one of the best sellers of our times. Wittily written. A must for English majors.

MEDILL STYLE BOOK

A must for all who have aspirations

All budding journalists, pulp writers, and ivory tower inhabitants need this book. Includes all newspaper rules, other rules that no newspaper uses, facts, figures, commas, semicolons, to add confusion to the art of plain talk. Proof of popularity is that all journalism students at NU have one or several. Price 25c, 40c to journalism students.

HOW TO CROSS SHERIDAN ROAD

In spite of its limited appeal the book is a best seller in these parts. One of its main features is the chapter on broken street running, complete with diagrams. Also included is a supplement entitled "What To Do 'Til the Doctor Comes."

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Northwestern FOR HER PRETTY GIRLS

A few of the runner-up girls in the senior-freshman Carlos Purple Parrot GLAMOUR CONTEST . . .

Selected by Gladys J. Blair, owner of the Marquette Salon.

Finalists will be selected by Bing Crosby.



Dorothy Stinett, Hobart Senior



Eve Goldman, Sigma Delta Tau Freshman



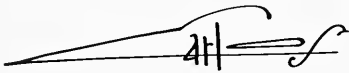
Carol Pepper, Kappa Kappa Gamma Senior



Peggy Ayers, Kappa Alpha Theta Freshman



Chermaine Ryser, Kappa Kappa Gamma Senior



BY JAN SARKISIAN

"Girls, it's now or never," harped Chief Harpie Rosalie Vernon. If anyone except a WOC is the first to be pinned to one of those (ugh) MOCs, then we won't be WOCs any more — just a bunch of cows spelled backwards. Pick up your knives, clubs, third degree torches, sweaters and strapless gowns — Tonight is Target MOC Pin!"



1. Rosalie explains to Clo Sokol, Alma Patzke, Ellie Schaeffer, Jeanne Bauer, Flo Miethke that a gun is good for a club on the head and if that end doesn't work, "shoot them with the other end . . ."



2. Lover-boys Don Kahle, Ken Strom and Phil Murley clutch their MOC pins, see nothing, say nothing, hear nothing of the pleas of Ellie, Rosalie and Jeanne. The girls told the boys they looked like monkeys. What the boys told the girls . . . ooo-la-lal!



3. "You take your clawy hands off our boy Ken," barks Paul Leech as he duels with Clo and Alma in an effort to rescue "Pipeface" Strom from the evil eyes of Jeanne and the pointed knife of Flo.



4. One day, one MOC meeting, and two ransom notes later, the MOCs give in and make Rosalie, Jeanne and Ellie honorary MOCs and pin them with some left-over homecoming badges (they do have some left over, you know). Don and Phil felt it was little enough to do to rescue one of their own from a fate worse than death . . . that is, being left at the mercy of the WOCs.



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508
Main

The Sigma Nus Plan a Party

BY KEN ESKEY

Sigma Nu fraternity, in a sudden burst of social energy, has decided to throw a red hot costume party. "If other houses can do it, so can we," blurted Sig Nu Burns McIntosh in a recent interview.

However, the good brothers can't quite decide on what type of costume to adopt. We now find them hashing the whole thing out in a chapter meeting.

BOB TURK: Let's adjourn to the Little club. I'm getting tired.

CHARLEY COOK: The hell with the Small. I move we transfer this meeting to the Casa Banana.

ROY WELCH: Temperance, I say, and on with the meeting.

DAVE PLATH: Yeah, let's think of a good novelty party. These crummy formals are nowhere.

DICK STOLLEY: Besides, I can't afford to rent another tux.

BOB WEERTS: What say we have a Sigma Noodle party and come as macaroni?

TURK: I say let's have a Sigma Noose party and string up Weerts from the nearest lamp post.

(This suggestion is greeted with loud cries of "Lynch him! Lynch him!" Weerts turns pale green and climbs the nearest rafter.)

COOK: Hey, that gives me an idea! Let's have a necktie party and dress like cuff links.

(Cook is dragged to a window and tossed down the Phi Gam rainspout. A dignified gentleman from Arkansas rises to speak.)

JEFF DAVIS: Men, ah say we oughta throw a Sigma Noodnik party. We'll all come as noodniks and the girls can come as noods.

(Wild screams of approval fill the room. Davis bows stiffly, chaws contentedly on his chewing tobacco.)

WELCH: What's a noodnik?

REED: (ignoring Welch) How about a "Come as You Are" party? We could call all the women's houses at 3 a.m. and . . .

(The brothers who are pinned assume a righteous look and call for "morality above all things." Reed slinks into a dark corner of the chapter room and confers with a rat who has just crawled out of a crack in the wall.)

WEERTS: (from rafter) Maybe we could have a Sigma Macaroni party and come as noodles . . .

(Three of the brothers are sent for a good strong rope)

STOLLEY: (rises, looks over the group, recognizes three he knows and addresses his remarks very somberly to this motley trio) Brethren! After careful consideration and the utmost deliberation, I have reached the conclusion that we should repeat our very successful Sigma Nuisance party. (The motley trio quickly whisks into the trunk room and emerge with paint and paint brushes) The SAE lions (chuckle) haven't been the same since. . . .

PLATH: Nowhere fast we are getting. I say let's shag on out to West campus.

(One-hundred and fifty-seven Sigma Nus—almost 2/3 of the active chapter—let out a mighty hoozah and hoist Plath to their shoulders. Welch is about to call for temperance again when Turk taps him over the head with a convenient television set.)

DAVIS: Ah say let us linger here no longer.

(Twenty-four Sigma Nus are trampled to death in the rush for the door. Weerts tries to crawl out the window unnoticed, falls into Phi Gam rainspout with Cook.)

COOK: Blub.

(Cook is suddenly distracted by discovery of dead Phi Gam pledge stuffed into spout. He deftly purloins three old sweepstakes cups from Phi Gam's hip pocket. Weerts, unable to budge, suddenly remembers another party idea. . . .)

WEERTS: I know! Let's have a Sigma Spaghetti party and come as meatballs . . .

(The rainspout collapses)



"Release yourself from this world of fantasy, Theron."

— Ski-U-Mah

purple parrot

Christmas Crossword

BY MARIE QUICK



ACROSS

1. Same thing we usually start with.
3. "She's lovely, she's engaged, she swims in a _____."
7. How Santa stops Francer's prancing.
12. Popular s h a m p o o used by angels.
16. Six Music Hut-ters singing in unison.
19. One half of the concern of Nite Bite, Inc.
25. To propel one's self while lying on one's stomach.
30. Adam had only one. We have one every day at 5 p.m.
33. Scholastic term forgotten by students of sophomore standing or better.
39. An old dried-up grape.
46. Egyptians wear them around their waists, we think.
51. Comes before M and considerably after H.
52. He really belonged in the October issue.
56. Part of . . . well, it's kind of . . . let's put it this way, it's a . . . Oh, hell, the word is "epic." Go on to the next question.
60. A nearby state with

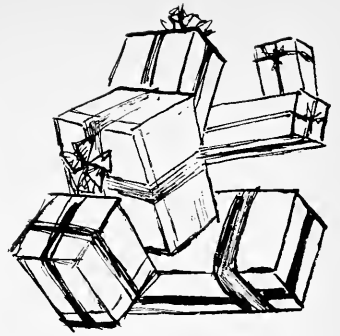
one letter missing.

63. The shape this puzzle is in.
67. That white stuff on the ground at Christmas time.
72. Those orange things that grow on orange trees in California at Christmas time.
78. Your cellar became a swimming pool because you left the water _____.
80. Prominent NU social leader whose mutilated picture is shown above.
88. Afghanistan Grandiloquence Society.
91. Did she come before the egg?
94. Santa never did fill them as well as Marlene Dietrich.
110. No. 94 at half-mast.
114. Wishes to have, wishes to possess, yearns.
120. Your mother's brother's wife's mother's son-in-law's wife's third sister. And even then it ain't necessarily so.
126. Where the Spaniards throw the bull.
132. The 24th letter of the alphabet.
137. Everyday is her day.

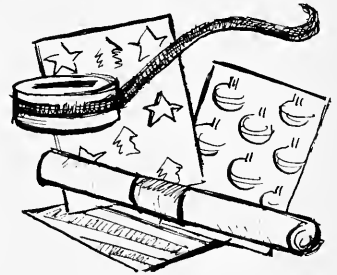
140. Hero of "Barefoot Boy with Cheek" and its sequels.
143. Christmas time.
147. When they spill garbage in the streets of Cologne, they produce the _____ of Cologne.

DOWN

1. What would happen if someone tore up the tracks of the CTA.
2. A suit that joined a local.
3. One of Santa's reindeer. You have eight guesses.
12. Greeting when you can't think of her name.
16. Monetary term; like "buck."
20. What would happen if you put two ice together.
21. Goes on a track.
22. What you should do to money faster than you spend it.
38. "I see," said the blindman as he picked up his hammer and _____.
45. Girl in the technological institute.
48. Opposite of shigh.
55. You'd never get this one anyway.
56. If you missed a question in that mid-term.
57. Rebecca Duncan, one of the Pi Phi girls.
63. What Santa puts under the tree.
68. Same as No. 68 across.
69. No. 68 across spelled backwards.
76. The more 'asty part of gin rummy.
82. A big hero at this time of year.
83. What the comedian laid when he told the joke about how Noah couldn't play cards on the ark because his brother was sitting on the deck.
92. Really this question should have been saved for our March issue.
94. Stomach skis.
95. A refined way of referring to what the DCs just won't stop wearing in their hair.
97. Song popularized by Jo Stafford and Johnny Mercer.
102. Loathed.
112. There are so many fascinating meanings so just take your pick.
117. Small state about which a song "Poor Little Rhode Island" was once writ. Ten.
132. X and L.
134. Baby talk for hello.



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see pages 30, 31, 32
FOR HER:
see pages 30, 31
FOR EVERYONE:
see pages 34, 35

NORTHWESTERN
CO-OP
STUDENT

1726 Orrington Avenue

My name is Sam Shpade, the greatest private detective of them all, or so my card reads. I rent an office from the Evanston Woman's club on the fourth floor of their Scott hall building. It's not a bad place except for this guy Joe Miller who's always running in and out.

This latest caper happened last Friday. I was climbing the stairs to my office two at a time. Slipped and fell flat on my face—there are only nine steps. I pushed open the door to my office. There, chewing gum as usual, was my secretary, Effie.

"Gee, Sam, where have you been?" She leaped out of her chair and grabbed me in a wild, passionate embrace, as was her custom.

"Kiss me, Sam! Ummmmm Damn, Sam, give me my gum back. You kiss like a vacuum cleaner, Sam."

"My middle name isn't Hoover for nothing," I quipped. "I'm going into my office—try not to disturb me."

Two seconds later Effie yelled, "Jam, there's a client outside."

"Send him in," I cried. But it wasn't a him; it was a her.

She slowly strode into my office. Giv'ng me an appraising glance, her eyes rang up a "No sale."

"I've come to you for help," she said, snitching one of my cigarettes.

Sam Shpade and the Lunt Escapade

BY LEE MORRISS

"Uh, huh," I said, slipping the cigarettes back into my pocket.

"My boy friend's been missing for a month now," she said, palming my cigarette lighter.

"Tell me all about it," I said, rapping her hard across the knuckles with a bookend and catching my lighter before it hit the ground.

"I like you," she said. "You're my kind." Her voice dripped honey at every word. "But I want you to find my boy Willie; he hasn't been seen in his quonset hut for three weeks." She wiped the honey off her chin.

Strolling over to the quonset hut to look for Willie, I decided to find out more about the case. "What's your name, Sweetheart?"

She nuzzled up close and said, "Willie used to call me Tapioca, cause I'm so cheap and sweet."

Standing guard at the door of the hut was Bob Wilde, a veteran of two years in the huts. He was just getting that stooped-over look.

"We're looking for Tapioca's boy friend, Willie—I understand he was your roommate."

He gave me a disgusted look. "He hasn't been here for three weeks at least. Come on in and see for yourself."

An eerie figure loomed in front of me. "What's that!" I cried.

"Don't worry," said Bob. "It's just Dexter Olson."

Stepping into the next compartment I saw it. "Quick, Tapioca, over here."

"Nuts," she said, "I fell for that once before."

"No, I think it was Willie." I gazed at the mutilated body lying on the



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oysters and duck
for the clams!"

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for reservations
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at the mutilated body lying on the bunk. The head and arms had been neatly severed and placed in a pile on top of his chest. I suspected foul play.

"What about this, Olson?"

"I don't know," he said, evading my glance, "It was here when we came."

"Yes," chimed in Wilde, "It was here when we came."

"O.K. I'm turning the whole thing over to the Evanston Police department."

I knocked on the Chief's door. "Who's there," he bellowed.

"Sam Shpade," I answered.

"Damn, Sam, come in. Glad to see you."

"I've got some business for you, Chief. There's been foul play up at Northwestern."

"Football season's over, Sam."

"I mean murder, Chief. I want you to put three men on the case."

"Can't, Sam. Every available man is out on his motor scooter giving out parking tickets. I can't release a man for just a murder. After all, this department is here for one thing. You know what that is."

The case had me stumped. I couldn't figure out where Willie was. Tapioca let me off at my office and I went upstairs to dictate my report to Effie.

I sat in my office, thinking of Tapioca, when suddenly it came to me. "Effie," I cried, "I've got it!"

Effie ran in. "Did you finally catch that mouse, Sam?"

"No, Effie. I've solved the hut caper. If you ever lived in a quonset hut, it would be the most natural thing in the world."

"You mean about the mutilated body, Sam?"

"No, Effie. That was there when we came."

"Then, Sam?"

"You see, Effie, these quonset huts have maid service . . . a little cleaning gal who comes in every Monday and changes linen."

"So?" Her eyes lit up like dime store jewelry.

"One morning his alarm didn't go off."

"Oh, Sam, you mean . . ."

"I mean that the maid didn't bother to check the old laundry before she threw it in the cleaning bag. Quick, we haven't a minute to spare."

Like a flash we were off to the laundry. We asked for the cleaning for the Lunt huts, hoping against hope it wasn't done. But it was too late.

"Here is. Plenty cleanee. You pay bill now?" asked the launderer.

Effie tore open the cleaning. And there, pressed flat like one of the Electromatic's pancakes, was Willie.

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The Greeks Had a Word for It



BY DEE WELLS

The Daily

Aristophanes: "But never a word of me."

Dionysus: "You're talking nonsense."

Creon: "They say that I bribed him, I?"

Cassandra: "What if no man believe me?"

On Exams

Tiresias: "Forever dumb"

Electra: "'Tis hopeless."

Medea: "O Dire and ghostly deed!"

Ismene: "Not to attempt the impossible is best."

Xanthius: "Frightened? Not a bit; I cared not."

Clytemnestra: "'Twas very slow in coming, but it came."

Sophocles: "Old age learns too late to be wise."

Tiresias: "Why seek to trap and question me?"

Agamemnon: "I am lost, My mind dull-eyed, knows not."

On NU Politics

Dionysus: "O drop that can't you?"

Euripides: "Twas not my mind that swore, my tongue committed a little perjury on its own account."

Xanthius: "Somebody's going to catch it."

Euripides: "When things mistrusted shall trusted be and trusted things mistrusted."

Creon: "And didst thou dare to disobey the law?"

Medea: "His wild perturbed breath doth warnest me the tidings of some strange calamity."

Jason: "O Bitterness!"

Oedipus: "What hidden lore?"

Agamemnon: "Already thine, the gift of prophesy?"

Euripides: "Then he became the wretchedest of men."

On Being Pinned

Eumenides: "A strange pain stabbeth at my side."

Tiresias: "Dost tempt me?"

Dronysus: "And tell me this; of all the roads you know, which is the quickest way to Hades?"

Agamemnon: "'Tis past and all is victory."

Oedipus: "Ah no! Take not away my daughters!"

Creon: "Shall I grow grey with age, be taught indeed and by this boy?"

Medea: "She has almost caught me now."

Clytemnestra: "Nay, art thou flown to strife again so quick, child?"

Euripides: "Then he became the wretchedest of men."

Aristophanes: "Not love them, no she uses them."

Jason: "Now understand for once, unhappy woman, that girl to me is nothing!"

Sophocles: "Art thou not rash to take so bold a step?"

Medea: "And love to woman a slight thing should be?"

purple parrot

you asked for it . . .



"Well?" — Pelican

Pledge: "Must I eat this egg?"
 Active: "You're damred right."
 Silence.
 Pledge: "The beak, too?"

"So you met your girl at a dance.
 Wasn't that romantic?"
 "No, it wasn't. I thought she was
 the house doing her homework."

The president rapped on his table
 and yelled, "Gentlemen, Order!"
 The entire junior council shouted,
 "Beer!"



"Look, George! No hands!"
 — Texas Ranger

"Oh, I'm so sorry to disappoint
 you, Philsie, but I can't go out with
 you tomorrow. I became engaged to
 Mortimer last night."
 "Oh, well, how about next week?"

Judge: "So they caught you with
 this bundle of stolen silverware.
 Whom did you plunder?"
 Prisoner: "The Chi Psi house, your
 honor."
 Judge: "Call up the downtown ho-
 tels, sergeant, and distribute this
 stuff."



"She wants to know the color of
 your eyes!"

What was he looking for?



Bergman Avons, an ancient Greek phil-
 oosopher, went about the streets of Athens
 hunting for the Little Club. He carried a
 lamp which, from time to time he would
 raise to examine the faces of passers-by—
 hoping to find a friend. The strange old fellow
 had been eating only coarse bread, knowing
 that upon finding the Little Club he would be re-
 warded with T-bone steaks, jumbo hamburgers,
 sandwiches, and refreshments. And he'd find that
 friend he was looking for, too. But don't you wander
 around like Bergman (and another Greek named Dio-
 genes). Come out to the Little Club first!

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"Gracious, Rusty, it's been seven years since I last saw you. You look much older."

"Really, Bonnie, my dear, I don't believe I would have recognized you if it were not for that dress and hat."

Home is where you can scratch any place that itches.

Professor Link: "Before we begin this examination, are there any questions?"

Junior: "Yes, what's the name of this course?"

"I'm for grading on the curve, I think the plan is fine, Provided that they start the swerve On the grade one lower than mine."

"Daddy, what's a bachelor?"

"A bachelor is a man who didn't have a convertible when he was going to Northwestern."

SAE: "Did you know that we maintain seven homes for the feeble-minded?"

Rushee: "I thought you had more chapters than that."

Worthington: "Why is it that the most important men on campus have the best looking girls?"

O'Shea: "Why you conceited thing!"

Ode to the Northwestern man: "It's better to be broke than never to have loved at all."

The codfish lays a million eggs,
The barnyard hen but one;
The codfish doesn't cackle
To show what she has done.
We scorn that modest codfish,
The cackling hen we prize,
Proving that beyond a doubt,
It pays to advertise.

—Texas Ranger

purple parrot



"Spit is such a horrid word" muttered the little pig as he was about to be barbecued.

Lucy Met a Train,
The Train Met Lucy;
The Track Was Juicy,
The Juice Was Lucy.

Gordy: "Burs, old man can you let me have five . . ."
 Burs: "No . . ."

Gordy: ". . . minutes of your time."
 Burs: ". . . trouble at all."

Housemother: "What do you mean by bringing our Jeannie in at this hour in the morning?"
 Deke: "Sorry, ma'am, but I have to be in class at 8:30."

AOPi: "A thought came into my mind just now and went away again."
 ATO: "Perhaps it was lonely."

Crossword

Puzzle Answers



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navy ball cliches

BY GINNY DOMANN

Time: December 3 in the evening.

Place: The Navy Ball in the Stevens.

Characters: About 80 per cent of them.

As we stumble across the ballroom floor:

"No, he's a blind date. . . . I know what you mean, my dear!"

"Didn't they have any pretty girls to put up this year?"

"Same stinking faces year after year."

"Joe, I'd like you to meet Nancy Lieback. . . . Oh, I'm sorry, I mean Liebrock."

"That dog—a queen candidate?"

"If I was a Navy man, I wouldn't have to wear this damned tux."

"Psst, Burt, how about a five?"

"Oh, let's go back up to the room."

"Freddie, I'd like you to meet Mary Liebrock. . . . Oh, I'm sorry, I mean Nancy."

"Didn't you wear that formal to the junior prom, my dear?"

"Have they announced the winners yet?"

"Why don't they open some windows?"

"Doesn't he know any slow pieces?"

"Willie, I'd like you to meet Nancy Librase. . . . Oh, I'm sorry, I mean Liebrock."

"Did you see anyone you know yet?"

"You say he gave her five orchids?"

"Five bucks and a corsage and the pig can't even dance!"

"Two bits she doesn't even place."

"Yeah, but have you seen the Pi Phi?"

"Where's the powder room?"

"If you think she's bad, you should see the witch I drew."

"Look, Birdy, that's my necklace she's wearing."

"If only she knew how to walk!"

"Glen, I'd like you to meet Nancy Clambake. . . . Oh, I'm sorry, I mean Liebrock."

"A blind date has never worked out for me yet."

"Isn't there any ventilation in this dump?"
 "Oh, forget your test and have a good time."
 "Oh, I used to go out with her occasionally but I never thought she'd be a queen candidate."
 "Mind if I take my shoes off? My feet are killing me."
 "He had a tie when he got here."
 "Oh, Joe, how sweet of you to suggest we go back on the chartered bus. I just hate taxis, you know."
 "They've played that song three times. Don't they know any others?"
 "You'd think they could get a good orchestra."
 "Dave, I'd like to have you meet. . . Nancy, what made you think I'd forget your name?"
 "Certainly I'll go home with you. I'll ditch Bill and . . ."
 "Have they ever had a winner?"
 "I can't breathe."
 "She drinks like a fish. Next time Ed says he's fixing me up with a queen. . ."
 "Can't we go home."
 "Hi, Tom, I'd like to have you meet Nancy Wayback. . . You mean I didn't get it right again?"
 "They haven't had a queen in 10 years."
 "I did not say, 'Do you want to eat?'"
 "Well, I haven't seen a queen on that ramp yet."
 "They're going to announce the decisions in a minute. . ."
 "What? That dog . . . queen?"
 "Quick, Egbert, a nickel. I've got to call Olivia and tell her our Florence won. . ."
 "I told you we should have put up Clarice."
 "Oh, shut up!"
 "Oh, but Gertrude's so much prettier."
 "Judd, I'd like you to meet Nancy Lisock . . . Hey, where'd she go?"
 "How did that crate win?"
 "Where'd they get those judges?"
 "If only Birdenia hadn't tripped and fallen off the ramp!"
 "Darling, they're false."
 "Let's go back up to the room!"
 "Home? Already?"
 "They haven't had a queen in 11 years."
 "Oh, shut up!"
 "Next time I'll get my own date."
 "Oh, the music's stopping . . . Let's go home."
 "Good night, dearie. . ."
 "Four couples . . . in your car?"
 "Maybe next year when Susie's a little more mature. . ."



"Man on Two!"

BY JUDY WEINER AND ART SEIDENBAUM

december, 1949

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BY JAN SARKISIAN

"Wanted: part time female lab assistant—Abbot Hall—hours and salary as desired.' As long as they pay me in menbucknicks I'll take it. Just think of poor ignorant me, Gay Burnett, helping those wonderful, intelligent Abbot men!"



"You want to take out my what? Say are you sure this isn't a branch of the health service," screamed Gay at doctors Clayton Lang, Bill Shiffbauer, Bud McGill, Dave Austin, Charles Nagy.

"You say you all want me to stay all night and help you with your research?" At this remark, The lights went out and lighting was supplied by Jack Schwarz, Stanley Levin, Sherman Warso, Ralph Smith, Art Davis, and Bob Klugman who were caught with that Abbot gleam in their eyes.



"Pull my teeth out — but I just had them put back in! You Psi Omega's are all alike — all you want a girl for is to pull her teeth!" Irby Dawson Ernie Mishler, Bill Ewald, John Hazle, Hugh Reat, and Randy Christensen — Psi Omega's leered and continued to apply the egg beater.



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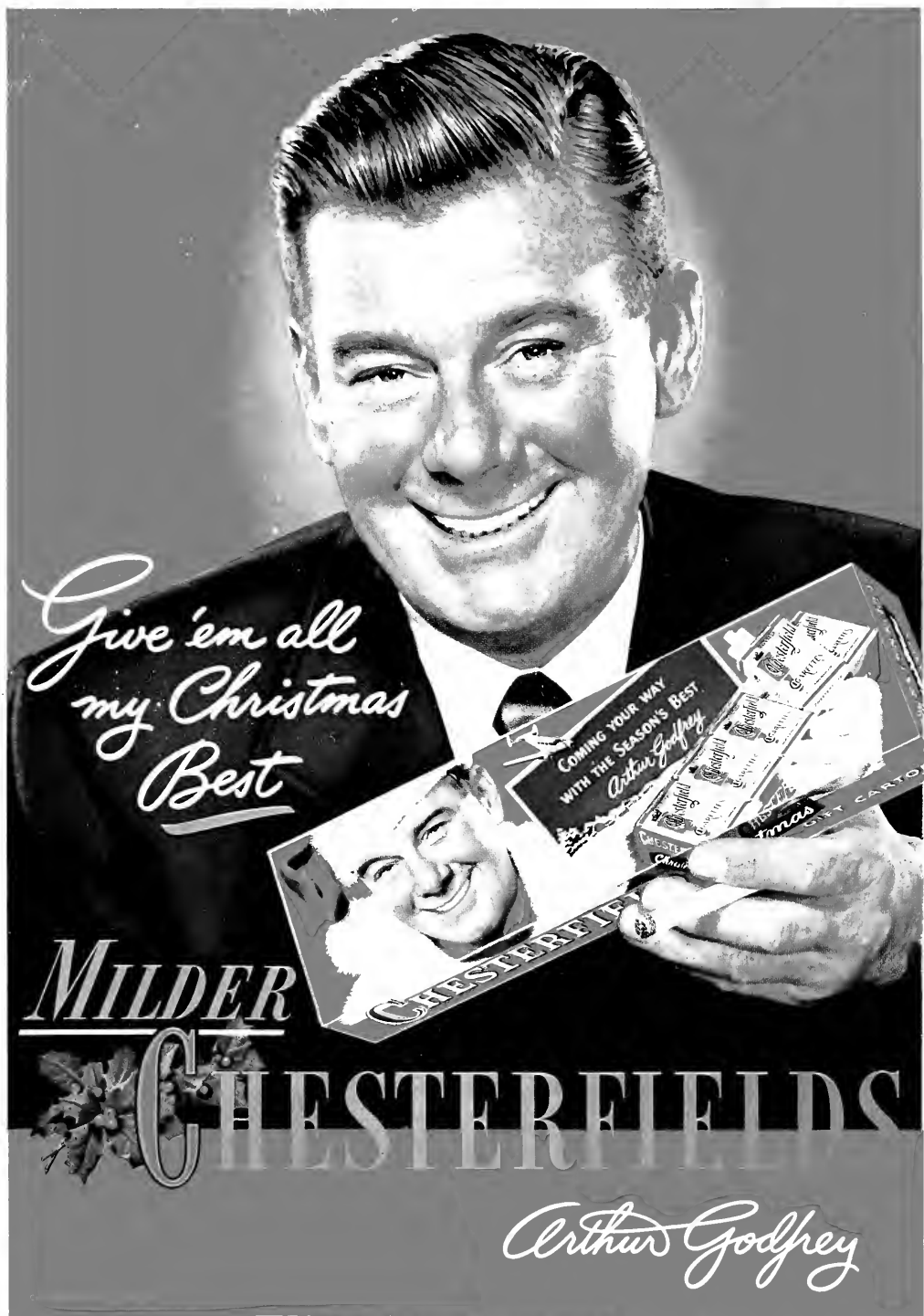


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